Volume XVII Chicago, Ill., July, 1940 Number 4

The Liberalist

Calm soul of all things, make it mine to feel amid the city's jar that there abides a peace of thine, man did not make and cannot mar.

Matthew Arnold.

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The Peoples Church

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The Liberalist

Preston Bradley ..... **Editor**
Grace Thayer Bradley ..... **Associate Editor**

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Meditation

"Our Father, as we come to this moment when for the last time for many weeks we shall have the opportunity of meeting face to face with those who come seeking inspiration and help in this our beloved temple of worship, there is only one prayer in our hearts, and one only, and that is that Thy blessing may rest upon this Church, every member, every friend, every radio listener, and that as the years come and whether we may be privileged to serve a long time or a short time, might we all attempt in the unity of this household of Love to stand for those things which honor Thee.

Might every member, every officer, every friend use this moment as a moment of dedication anew, and to every shut-in, and to all listeners, might they sense now in the very presence, wherever they are, the blessed presence of divine truth, and may that truth help in the healing of their bodies, in the cleansing of our sins, and in the making of our devotion.

God bless all the world. God, be patient with humanity. God bless this Church and all that it is and stands for. God bless its pastor; might he remain constant in the face of grave difficulties of a world of hate and turmoil to be a messenger of peace and strength. So, God, bless America; God bless everyone, Catholic and Jew, black and white, rich and poor, while we all pray earth's perfect prayer, which would bring earth's perfect achievement:

'Our Father, who art in heaven, etc."

"WHAT I BELIEVE"

Sermon by Dr. Preston Bradley, Pastor of Peoples Church of Chicago, Sunday Evening, March 17, 1940

I had only one reason in announcing the subject which I have announced tonight. I assure you that that reason is not to be found in the idea that I think what I personally might believe about the things which I'm going to mention in the address is of any great importance. I have long recognized the perfect right of every individual to believe as he or she chooses to believe and as the dictates of human conscience and human reason exist for them. What I am going to say tonight I'm going to say only because by far the majority of my mail which comes to me through the winter has to do **not** with economic or industrial or political questions, and not even the war, but with the questions of religion.

In a survey which was made at one of our great universities dur-

ing the past winter, it was interesting to discover that 82% of the students of one of our colleges, when asked the question, "What are you most interested in?", answered: "I'm interested in the subject of religion."

We are now having a renaissance of religious interest throughout the world, partly induced, I suppose, because religion is being indicted as religion has never been indicted in the past. All of the so-called Christian or civilized nations of the world are in the midst of the world's brutality. Apparently along down the line somewhere, Christianity has developed an inefficacy to defeat and to prevent the ultimate tragedy of man, which is the resort to force. That, of course, has brought all religion out into the courtroom of public opinion.

Quite apart from the social aspect of religion, there is always the most general and universal interest of the individual. Each individual knows that we have to face something called Death. We know that there will come an hour when we will cease to be on this plane of consciousness, that—whatever death is—it is going to happen to each of us. And it is perfectly normal for every individual, varying, I think, somewhat in the degree of their intelligence, but it is perfectly natural and perfectly normal for us as individuals to be concerned about the problem of religion quite apart from the larger social aspect of what religion has done or has not done in the life of mankind.

Now, I get all sorts of questions. I have a pocketful of them tonight. And these questions all reveal people's hunger and people's anxiety and people's concern. I happen to accept the point of view in regard to people that most people are very fine. I mean by that that I accept most people as honest. I think most people mean well. I do not share at all the attitude that so many people have, that humanity is basically and fundamentally corrupt. I have met many more good people in my life than I have bad. I have met many more honest people than I have met dishonest people. My experience with people on the whole has created for me a greater confidence in humanity, as the years pass. I am not becoming in any sense of the word more distrustful of people and I do not suspicion people. I have difficulty at times discovering or impugning a motive when they do that which it seems to me is wrong. I work upon the assumption that most people are good people, and I think they are. I think this great congregation tonight is a cross-section of the life of the city of Chicago. I think if I were to go to this congregation tonight and ask each one of you individually, I would discover that there are many more fine people here than bad people.

We are a cross-section. There are ultra-rich people here tonight and people on relief. There are people who have large incomes and people who have none. There are people who are university and college graduates and people who never went to school beyond the fifth grade. We are a great, cosmopolitan slice of the life of our city. There are people here — and I may make a survey a little later in the evening—who represent probably almost every branch of Christendom. We probably have Roman Catholics and Christian Scientists and Presbyterians and Methodists and Lutherans — probably representatives of the whole group of religion—and we have all varieties of racial backgrounds, including white and black and yellow. I haven't seen an Indian yet, but there may be an Indian here for all I know.

But here we are, a great group, a cross-section of something called human life. I know that everybody, almost everybody, is interested in this question of what we believe, what you believe, what I believe, and I thought it might be possible for me to tell you what I believe—a great danger to myself —because I realize when I say of

some of the things which I am going to say, I shall be very greatly misunderstood, I shall be definitely misinterpreted, and probably quite universally misquoted. That's the reason why I'm going to publish this address. It will be possible for you to have the words spoken and you will not have to depend upon what you thought you heard. You can read them in cold type later on.

I am always interested when anybody starts telling me in conversation what he believes. I am always interested in who it is who is doing the believing. I am interested in something about the person. In other words, in the vernacular, "how did he get that way?" I want to know something about him. I should like to know something of his early training; what religion he was born in; something of his educational equipment. I would like to know whether he is highly emotional or whether he applies and attempts honestly to arrive at his opinions by some process of reason and deduction, either **a priori** reasoning or any kind of reasoning. I prefer to know something about his mental habits, his attitudes, and his philosophy.

I take it for granted that there may be some here tonight who over the years may not have heard me as often as others have. It is a long time to spend in one pulpit, 28 years, and to stand out in the front rank of liberal religion at a time when orthodox religion in all its branches and in all of its particulars has been having a sort of renaissance due to certain conditions that are easily explained. Therefore, to some of you I might give just a moment's time—it will not take long—to give you my personal background. The reason I tell you about this personal background is because it will be, I think, to some of you rather an interesting evolution through which I have had to come to arrive where I am tonight.

I happen to have been born in a little town of less than 500 people. My father was a blacksmith; and we were quite poor. I remember very well when food was a problem in our home, I remember how mother used to plan in order to make our little income go just as far as she possibly could. My father never went to school a day after he was 14 years of age. He went through probably what would be about the sixth or seventh grade. My people, my grandfather and grandmother and all of their people were born in the north or Ireland, 18 miles north of Belfast, in one of the loveliest counties in all Ireland, County Antrim, up there among the dells of Antrim. If there is an Irishman here tonight he will know all about the dells of Antrim. My ancestoral home is a little town called Ballymona in County Antrim.

Father came to the United States from Canada when he was a very young man, at the age of 19. Here he went to work at his trade, which was the blacksmith's and at which he worked for more than half a century. My mother was a little country girl who never went to school a day after she was sixteen. Neither my father nor my mother had anything which approximates an education —I mean an education as we technically think of getting an education. They were the finest people I have ever known.

All of the Bradleys of my family — my father's family (and I am only building this background for purposes of deduction)—were ardent, loyal, devoted Irish Presbyterians. Now you people here who talk about the north of Ireland being Scotch-Irish better disabuse your minds of some of that idea. The fact of the matter is that my family were in Ireland for many generations and the one thing which my grandfather hated more than anything else and which could get a rise out of him quicker than anything else was to be called a Scotch-Irishman. He was not a Scotch-Irishman; he was an Irishman. Now, it is quite true (and I have done it myself) that

on a clear day you can stand at the straits and look across from Ireland and see clothes hanging on the line, and, some of the white-washed cottages, of Scotland. Scotland is that close to North Ireland; but, by no means, are all the people of North Ireland of Scotch derivation. My family probably were, but they had lived in Ireland long enough to become Irish, and not Scotch-Irish; and they didn't want to be called Scotch-Irish and they wouldn't be called Scotch-Irish. Grandfather would get his religion up to a highly heated point when anybody would call him a Scotch-Irishman. He didn't like it. I mean, we ought to get these things straight; and then, of course, we can think better when we do.

Now, don't think Scotch Presbyterianism is "Presbyterianism." If there's a Scotch Presbyterian here tonight, he'll know what Scotch Presbyterianism is. He'll understand John Calvin and his influence upon Scotch Presbyterianism. Well, he doesn't know anything about "Presbyterianism." You must know Irish Presbyterian to really get "Presbyterianism."

In my father's home, there was no extra effort on Sunday. They made the porridge on Saturday night, and the boots were all shined, and after that there was no whistling. My father has told me many times that he had been whipped whenever grandfather would catch him whistling on the Sabbath. They went to church almost all day; and if the preacher did not preach from an hour to an hour and a half at each service they would begin to suspicion his religion.

Everyone went to church, young and old. Families went together. Whether you understood a word the preacher was saying didn't make any difference at all; you went to church. A lot of people go to church even now and don't know what the preacher's talking about. They shouldn't be surprised. It sometimes happened in those far-off days of Irish Presbyterianism.

The thing that most people don't stop to realize is this: that one of the battlefields of Liberal religion was Ireland, North Ireland. I shall not forget, on my first visit to Ireland, for I, of course, was born in the United States — on my first visit to Ireland, which was some years ago, I was invited to preach in the first Presbyterian church of Belfast. I accepted that invitation, and announced in my pulpit here that I was going to Ireland and was going to preach in the first Presbyterian church of Belfast. When I arrived in Belfast, the minister of the church was Dr. R. Nichol Cross, who today is the principal of Manchester College in Oxford. That great university, one of the greatest in the world, is our college, the Colledge of the Liberal Christians and the Free Christians and the Unitarians.

A great many people don't know that we have a college in Oxford, and a great many people don't know that that college was presided over for many, many years by Principal L. P. Jacks, a household name in adult education. Dr. Jacks is the distinguished editor, (and a very great and a very fine teacher,) of the Hibbard Journal. The Hibbard Journal is one of the finest journals published in the English language.

I have been his guest in Oxford. Dr. Jacks has been in this church and has spoken here. He was in Chicago for Northwestern University and was giving his lectures for the adult educational work of this city. Many of you might have heard him in Thorne Hall.

Well, we have a college at Oxford, a very old college, called Manchester College; and the present principal of Manchester College is the Reverend Dr. R. Nichol Cross, who, at the time of which I speak, was the minister of the First Presbyterian Church of Belfast.

When I arrived in Belfast to preach in that church, the minis-

ter told me of some very interesting correspondence. A letter had arrived from the pastor of a Presbyterian Church in the city of Chicago. He has long since been ashamed of it; but he wrote a letter to the pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Belfast and he said: "Dr. Preston Bradley, who is the outstanding atheist of the city of Chicago, is going to speak in the First Presbyterian Church of Belfast, Ireland. We believe that Dr. Bradley is coming to you under a misapprehension. He is the minister of a Liberal church; he is not Orthodox, he does not believe this and he does not believe that, and we feel that you should not permit him to preach from your pulpit."

I only pity the minister's tragic ignorance of Irish Presbyterian history. The fact of the matter is, that the First Presbyterian Church of Belfast is a member of the Non-Subscribing Presbyterian Churches of Ireland, is affiliated with the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, is in perfectly good standing with the American Unitarian Association; and we both believe the same identical things. And the creed of the First Presbyterian Church of Belfast is the creed of the Peoples Church of Chicago—what creed we have. And the ministers of the Non-Subscribing Presbyterian Churches of Ireland are all liberal, Unitarian ministers and thinkers in theology.

Now, it's a tragic thing for people to pass opinions when they don't know what they are talking about. It's a mighty good idea to know what you're talking about before you talk about it. And there's a great deal of confusion to a great many people about this whole church business.

Now, from that kind of a home my father came. My mother and my father both at one time were members of the little Presbyterian church in our little village. Neither of them could be spoken of in any sense of the word as Orthodox in their religious philosophy or theology. My mother's family were all Universalists. My maternal grandmother, who was born in England, was a Universalist and believed thoroughly in the theology of Ballou and the other great leaders of the Universalist denomination.

With those two strains of liberalism and ultra-orthodoxy running in my veins and arteries, as a very small boy, I can remember the first experience with religion for me which made an impresson. I do not remember the things that were told me in Sunday school, although I went to Sunday school religiously every Sunday of my life. I do not remember the prayer meetings very much, although I went to prayer meetings every Thursday night, until I was graduated from high school. There never was a Thursday night that I did not go to the little church to a prayer meeting. We had about five or six or seven or eight people there, and we had one old deacon who said the same prayer for twenty years that I can remember; and I think probably he's still saying it in glory. I can say that prayer for you tonight. He always said the same prayer and he placed the same emphasis and used the same phrasing every prayer meeting.

Well, in those early years, the only experience which I can remember that is germane at all to what I'm going to say about these things centers around the fact that on my uncle's farm, two miles and a half north of our little village, in one corner of the farm, there was a little plain, white church without a steeple, plain cottage windows, plain glass, a very plain pulpit, plain white pews, a church which was called "The Free Methodist Church." I don't know that any of you city folks know anything about the Free Methodist Church; but the church didn't believe in having any organ. There was no organ in it; no instrumental music at all. The men did not believe in wearing any neckties, and the preacher never wore one—never wore a necktie. Their re-

ligion was very simple, very orthodox, of course, and very vociferous. They would "get the spirit", —there was something called "getting the spirit", and when they would get the spirit you could hear them all over that end of the township. It used to be a rather of a Sunday evening enjoyment for some of us young folks to go to the Free Methodist church and watch these antics.

Well, there came to the church one time an evangelist. That evangelist could preach Hell hotter than any man I've ever known in all my life. His Hell was so hot that the flames would just keep coming up right through the seats. And I remember it well as a little boy, as a very little boy. I sat there and listened several nights to that evangelist. On a certain Sunday night after a meeting, of course they gave what they called the invitation for people to come to the front, to the altar, and they would pray with you. I went to the altar, and I knelt at that altar. I can remember vividly this experience. I felt that I wanted to be saved—I don't know from what. I wasn't conscious of sin. Oh, I had the normal boy's tricks. I don't mean to infer that I was any little angel when I was a boy because I wasn't. I knew where every watermelon patch was in our township. And I knew what nights they were the ripest. I knew all of those pranks. But I wanted to be saved. To all intents and purposes, I was.

Then they had a testimony meeting, and my first testimony, the first words which I ever used out loud in a meeting, were these: "I love Jesus because he first loved me." I'd heard somebody say it and I thought it sounded all right. I hadn't thought it through. I don't think people who say that have. I can't think of any poorer reason to give for loving anyone than because they first loved you. I think that's the shoddiest reason that anybody could give. "I love Jesus because he first loved me." You know that won't stand up; to love somebody, only because he loved you first. I'd much rather love somebody whose love I had to win and not just say, "Well, you love me, so I'm going to love you." That's no reason for love at all. But I didn't know it.

Well, I went home and I was staying with my uncle on the farm. They had one of these low rambling farm houses, you know, and they only had two heating stoves and the kitchen stove. I slept 'way upstairs in a great big bed—I can see it tonight—and it was cold. It was in the winter, and jumping in between those sheets was just like getting in between two cakes of ice. In the morning, we'd jump out of bed and grab our clothes and run down by the stove to dress.

Well, I woke up in the middle of the night—never shall forget it—and my heart was going just like that (Demonstrating.) I could almost hear it. I jumped out of bed. I was very frightened. I'd been hearing all about death and hell and blood and all those things which had been suggested in their brutality to an adolescent mind, the mind of a child who couldn't understand. I thought I was going to die. I was sure that I would never live to get to my aunt's bedroom. Well, I rushed down the stairs and I rushed into the room of my aunt and uncle; and of course frightened them considerably. And I said: "Auntie, I'm going to die!" And she looked at me and she said: "Are you awake?" I said: "Yes, I'm awake and I'm going to die. You put your hand over my heart and just see!"

Well, auntie put her hand over my heart and I was suffering greatly from palpitation. It worried her, and she got up. She gave me a glass of hot milk and talked with me a while, and then I said to her: "Do you think if I die I will go to Hell?" And my auntie said to me, (and she was a Free Methodist) "No, no, no! You won't go to Hell. Why, you're

just a little boy, and you're a pretty good boy, too, and you'll not go to Hell and you're not going to die. Now you go back upstairs and go to bed." And she went up with me and tucked me in and sat on the edge of the bed with me a little while and talked to me and I fell off to sleep.

That experience has never left me. It's just as vivid tonight as it was the night it happened; and it happened more than 45 years ago.

And that is why I stand opposed — and I can't help it — to ninety per cent of the religious, orthodox teaching that is being given to young children about Jesus and blood and Hell and Heaven and all the rest of the things that that child will have to unlearn some day in their lives—and ought to unlearn.

At the age of 14, I was received into membership in the church. I preached my first sermon when I was 15. I had my first summer pastorate at Hillman, Michigan, the summer I was 16, when I went to college. I had three little log churches up there in the woods. I preached three times every Sunday, road horseback in the summer time and drove a team of horses on a bobsleigh in the winter. I was 26 miles straight west of Alpena, out in the forests of Montmorency county. I did that for $30 a month. That wasn't much of a salary, but I wasn't much of a preacher. I was getting about all I was worth.

I kept on with that experience; then entered college at Alma College, one of the finest of the smaller colleges of America, where I had my first opportunity to talk over with men and women who were on the faculty of some of my own intellectual difficulties. I never remember the time—and I hope that you will think this is not in any other way than just simply a fact — I never remember the time when I was an orthodox Christian. I was a member of the church. I started to become a Presbyterian minister. I wanted to become a preacher. I never remember the time when I didn't want to preach. My mother's family were all lawyers. One of them was United States Ambassador to Japan, United States Ambassador to Mexico, and was appointed by President Coolidge, Attorney General of the United States. My great uncle was internal revenue collector under Abraham Lincoln. The Warren family, which was my mother's family, are a very distinguished professional family, in American public life. They were very anxious that I should go into the law.

I spent three years of my life studying law, and I have a doctor's degree in law, and you will see the diploma of that degree hanging on the walls of my office there on the second floor tonight. I have a D.C.L. degree in law—Doctor of Civil Law. It always amuses me when I meet some of my critics who say: "Well, Dr. Bradley is called Doctor", but he hasn't any right to be called "Doctor." Someone told me that the other day, and I only have three doctors degrees — that's all. I have a D.C.L. from Hamilton College of Law, I have an L.L.D. from Lake Forest University—and I also have been honored by a doctor's degree in divinity from one of the oldest theological schools in the United States—Meadville School, now associated with the University of Chicago. So if three doctor's degrees doesn't make one entitled to be called "Doctor", I don't know what would. I never use it, but there it is. I just say that because I hope that some of you might get some of this information straight to some of these people in Chicago who say that I'm an atheist.

One man the other day, a minister in this city arose in his pulpit and said: "Dr. Preston Bradley, the Pastor of the Peoples Church. The only claim he has to be a minister is that he looks like one." And I thought that was rather complimentary, that after spending 28 years of my life as a

minister, I am really beginning to look like one.

Well, I never remember when I was an Orthodox christian. I'm going to open my heart tonight and talk frankly in this matter of belief, because I know that you expect it and I know that you respect my honesty; whether you agree with me or not is unimportant. Please remember that I gladly grant to every individual, Catholic, Jew, or gentile in this audience tonight, the very same privilege which I am demanding for myself—namely, the right to think for myself in religion. I have always revolted against something called a plan of salvation. I never could possibly bring myself to accept it—I do not believe it tonight nor can I preach it, because it does not harmonize, to me, with the idea of God as being Love and Justice. The whole idea of orthodox christianity, that an innocent man should go through what Jesus had to go through on this earth in order to save my sins, is utterly revolting to me. I cannot accept it; I do not believe it. If I am damned in Hell for saying it, I'm going to be true to myself.

To me, there is no more perfect, no more beautiful character, no more noble heart ever in this world than the heart and life of Jesus Christ. I think he was brutally murdered 30 or 40 years ahead of his time. I accept him. I love him. I can truthfully say, as Victor Hugo said: "Galilean, thou hast conquered." Or as Napoleon, when he was a prisoner upon a British frigate bound for St. Helena,—Napoleon made that marvelous apostrophe to the Master, you remember, when he said: "I, Napoleon, who have made the thrones of Europe tremble, have unseated and seated kings and emperors, have not a single man in all Europe to raise his sword in my behalf. But thou, gentle Galilean, without a sword, hast millions ready to bow at thy name."—That was Napoleon.

(The sermon "What I Believe" will be concluded in the August number of the "Liberalist.")

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ALONG THE WAY

By Dr. Preston Bradley

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Beginning with the August number, I am going to resume my monthly chats on experiences, impressions of people, books, travel and everything which I think will be sufficiently interesting to pass on to our readers. I hope to make this just an informal commentary of what crosses my path as I go "along the way."

I wish that every person reading these words, if he or she is not a subscriber to our church magazine, would become one. We publish this magazine each month during the twelve months of the year, and each number will contain a sermon as delivered from our pulpit, and other interesting articles. If you will enclose a dollar bill in a letter and mail it to our Secretary, May H. Harrison, at the Peoples Church, 941 Lawrence Avenue, we will send the magazine for one year to any address anywhere in the world. This brings the cost of the printed sermons down to less than ten cents per sermon.

No one connected with the magazine receives any income, and after the cost of mailing is deducted, the subscription price goes into the treasury of the church. It will help materially if we can increase our subscription list. If you are not a subscriber, will you not give favorable consideration to this invitation?

I also call your attention to my four books, "Mastering Fear", "Courage for Today", "Power

From Right Thinking", and "Life and You", which are available in all book stores. These books contain the kernel of my philosophy which I have attempted to give throughout the years. My first book, "Courage for Today", was published five years ago, but is more needed at this moment than it was when it was first published. My book on "Mastering Fear", has been chosen as one of the Blue Ribbon Books, and is now available in that series.

The Liberal Press, of Clarendon Hills, Illinois, has started a new monthly publication, which they are calling "Preston Bradley Speaking." This publication will contain, during the year, all of the book lectures and all of the sermons, morning and evening, except those published in The Liberalist, thus giving, between the two publications, a complete coverage of the year's sermons and book lectures. "Preston Bradley Speaking" is published during the twelve months of the year, at 25c a single copy (containing four Book Lectures and two sermons), or $3.00 for a year's subscription. Two subscriptions may be secured for $5.00, which is an especially attractive offer at Christmastime, enabling the giving of gift subscriptions at a lesser rate. The third number is now available.

If you are interested in this new publication you may secure a copy through any news stand, or by writing the church office. The church will receive a percentage on all sales made through the church office. We will therefore appreciate your buying there when convenient.

I hope that our radio friends are tuning in these Sunday mornings to WJJD. Before I left for my summer rest I made a record for each Sunday I shall be away. That transcription will be given over WJJD each Sunday morning at 11:00 o'clock during vacation. I will be very glad to hear from you in regard to this broadcast.

During the summer the pastoral activities of the church are carried on by my assistant, the Rev. erend Henry Clark, who is available for sick calls, weddings, funerals and other duties. If you will kindly call the church office, Mrs. Harrison will be glad to make all arrangements for his services. Dr. Clark is the Minister of the First Unitarian Church of Sioux City, Iowa, and comes into Chicago each summer to take over my duties while I am away.

Our church office is open every day in the week during the summer, and out of town visitors and radio listeners will receive a hearty welcome, if you desire to visit the church.

I am writing these words to you on the afternoon of June 27th, my last day in Chicago until church opens in the fall. Next month, in this department, Mrs. Bradley and I will greet you from my little island retreat in the Superior National Forest of northern Minnesota.

I express my deepest appreciation for all that you have done to make this year one of the best years in the whole 28 years of my pastorate. Our closing service will linger with me all summer as a great inspiration. Our church was filled at the closing service and I shall never forget how I felt when that great congregation arose and we all sang together, "God be with you till we meet again." None of us can possibly tell what is ahead for this world, but whatever we have to face, we can meet it more victoriously by keeping our courage, our good will and our tolerance, and, above all, our faith.

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THE MEN'S CLUB

Decidedly an influence to be reckoned with is the Men's Club of the Peoples Church. The Club has just closed its most successful year, during which over 100 new members have been added to its membership roll, which now numbers 592.

Numbers and names on a roll do not tell the whole story. It is the unflagging interest of the entire membership which counts in an organization, and that is a most noticeable feature at every one of the Club meetings held on the fourth Monday of each month, when Channing Hall is regularly filled to its utmost capacity.

This overflow condition existed on May 27th, the final meeting of the Club season, when Rev. Don Harrington addressed the group on "Whose War is This?" Ladies were invited to this open meeting. Rev. Harrington handled his subject in a masterful manner and was repeatedly interrupted by hearty applause from his audience.

The Men's Club has assisted the Church, the Guild and the Red Cross with its contributions. The yearly dues are only $1. There is always an excellent speaker on a vital subject, and refreshments are served. This is a good time to consult the list in the Church Directory at the back of this publication for the name of the Secretary, and send in an application for membership in the Club.

Officers elected for the ensuing year are as follows:

Mr. Dexter Monson, President
Mr. Frank S. Bryan, Vice-President
Mr. William Emrich, Secretary
Mr. Emil Swanson, Treasurer

THE WOMAN'S CLUB

Has the season ended for the Woman's Club? It would not seem so. On June 17th several ladies from the Club visited Child Haven Home, at 6323 Yale Avenue. This is a home for children from "broken" homes.

The Superintendent entertained the ladies at luncheon after which they toured the home and visited with the children and made a donation from the club.

On June 20th, members of the Club made a tour of the Hydrox Company. This affair was in charge of the Ways and Means Committee. There was a party at the Hydrox plant and refreshments were served.

Begin to plan your picnic basket for July 15th, when the club is holding a picnic at Gompers Park, to which all members are invited. Each member will bring her own lunch, and coffee will be served on the grounds. There will be games and contests and a splendid opportunity for fun and good fellowship.

It will be well to keep in touch with the Secretary as to future events, as it certainly looks like a busy summer.

CORRECTION: In the June number of the "Liberalist" it was incorrectly stated that Miss Adelaide Thomason was in charge of the study classes being contemplated by the club. These study groups are to be organized under the direction of Mrs. Clyde Bassler.

GENERAL FEDERATION OF WOMEN'S CLUBS

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The Council Meeting of the General Federation of Women's Clubs was held from May 20th to 25th in Milwaukee, Wis. This is an organization of women's clubs, state federations and kindred groups, which has as its purpose "educational, industrial, philanthropic, literary, artistic and scientific culture, and to bring into communication with one another the various women's clubs **throughout the world.**" It was organized in 1889 in New York City, with its purpose, "the enrichment of life through a better adjustment of human relations." Membership is by clubs and not individuals, with 15,164 clubs in this and foreign countries now affiliated. Every state in the union is federated, as well as the District of Columbia. Conventions are held every three years, called "Triennials"; in the intervening years "Council Meetings."

At the Milwuakee meeting this body adopted a resolution urging an intensive study program on the subject of world rehabilitation, to include "various proposals for a permanent **world society** wherein the moral and spiritual values will be accepted as the framework of civilization." Women were urged to make a drive against the enemies of democracy—"fear, prejudice and hate—to the end that a world of law and order may prevail."

Mrs. John L. Whitehurst, Chairman of the Council and unopposed candidate for the presidency in 1941 said: "If we club women cast out the greatest weakness we have in our set-up today, **apathy,** and go out to fight for the principles we stand for, we need not fear a 'fifth column' or a 'Trojan horse' in our country."

Mrs. F. H. Clausen, from Horicon, Wis., Chairman of American Citizenship Department, urged greater participation in the responsibilities of citizenship. "What this country needs most", she said, "is citizens who know enough to accept the full **obligations** as well as the **privileges** of democracy."

The club women are to make a study of trends in American education so they may do their part in strengthening the purposes of the public schools, for by so doing they are helping to buttress the front line defense of democracy-education.

Dr. J. B. Edmonson, Dean of the College of Education at the University of Michigan, said: "In a world where war may dominate international relations for years ahead, it seems clear that the survival of democracy in this coun-depends on our success in strengthening the forces of education. The best guarantee of our ability to choose our own path in world affairs is an educated citizenry."

Miss Agnes Samuelson, past president of National Education Association, appealed to the Clubs to give more time on their programs to the cause of education during this critical period.

Along with the study to be carried on during the ensuing year the General Federation is planning a program for the general good in preparation for their Golden Jubilee Convention at Atlantic City, N. J., in 1941.

A. M. T.

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A QUESTION

By J. Bradley-Griffin

(There have been many requests for copies of this poem. A radio listener suggested that it be published in the "Liberalist.")

God, let me pray this prayer tonight
In a world gone mad with war;
Let me ask this simple question, God:
What were we sent here for?

Were my eyes, that could watch a sunset's glow
Or behold a starlight night,
Made to keep watch for some weapon of hate
Directed to darken my sight?

Were my ears, that caught a bird's sweet note
As it sang its evening song,
Given to signal a motor's roar
Of a plane as it came along?

These arms to hold some loved one,
Were they meant to shoulder a gun?
These legs and feet to march in line
To murder another's son?

Shall this air that I breathe be poisoned
By gas that this war of hate brings?
While you as Creator of Heaven and Earth
Have no control of these things?

Were we sent here, God, to be targets
For mad men who bring on war?
Answer this simple question, God,
What were we sent here for?

UPTOWN PLAYERS

We quote from the Sunday Tribune of June 2nd:

"Next year the Uptown Players will occupy the Woman's Club Theatre every Friday and Saturday evening from October 18th to the middle of May, with a greatly enlarged schedule of production. In addition, a children's theatre will give weekly Saturday matinees under the direction of Lenore Brown. J. Bradley-Griffin directs the Uptown Players."

Mr. Bradley-Griffin has been on a short sojourn to the North country, from where he went to Hibbing, Minnesota, to present "The American Way" before the Conference of Methodist Churches of Minnesota, returning to Chicago for a program with the Chicago Woman's Club, and one at the State Normal University at Macomb, Illinois. He will then return to the North for the summer.

The Bradley-Griffin Studio, however, remains open for the summer, and Mr. Bradley-Griffin's engagement schedule is rapidly filling up for the coming winter season.

With the Director becoming increasingly in demand, the Players enlarging their program of production, a Children's Theatre in the making for next season, the church may well be proud of its project—The Uptown Players.

FINAL DRAMA TEA

An appreciative audience attended the final Drama Tea of the season in Channing Hall on June 2nd.

The afternoon was devoted to a program given by students of the Bradley-Griffin Studios. There were contributions from students of Miss Julia Barker and of Miss Lenore Brown and of J. Bradley-Griffin.

In presenting Miss Julia Barker to the audience, Bradley-Griffin said of her: "Miss Barker is an outstanding teacher of voice and diction, body poise and relaxation, and of interpretation with the emphasis on original adaptations.

Miss Barker, who you remember, gave such an excellent interpretation of Portia in "The Merchant of Venice" then presented her pupils, Neree Dunstan, who depicted "Mrs. Mole", a humorous "take-off" on an English woman and her garden, written by A P. Herbert; Loretta Miller who related the story of her first Yale Prom, back in 1904, by Nina Wilcox Putnam; and Jean Grollman, who read a little "snatch" about the June Bride by Nancy Boyd.

Bradley-Griffin then introduced "our own" Lenore Brown, who has made such an enviable reputation as a character actress, and whose Mrs. Midget in "Outward Bound" will be long remembered. Miss Brown presented her pupils, Joanne Simmons, aged 7½ years, in "Songs My Mother Used to Sing", and "How the Elephant Got His Trunk." Little Joanne's facial expressions were a delight to the audience. Jeanne Eisen, aged 14, then gave "Johnny Weavers", "Elegy Americans" and "I Like Americans." Marjory Lindquist read two poems, "Scratches", by John Weaver and "Barter" by Sara Teasdale. Young Miss Lindquist rendered several solos, accompanied by her mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Lindquist, who is a teacher of voice. Marjory has a splendid range and unexpected power for one of her years, and showed ease in singing in foreign languages.

J. Bradley-Griffin then presented Thora Clarke in character scenes from the life of Marie Antoinette, in costume. Those who remember Miss Clarke's portrayal of the Queen Mother in "Hamlet" will doubtless expect only heavy roles from this talented artist henceforth.

The Professional Business Woman's Club

"No one could tell me where my
Soul might be.
I searched for God, but God eluded
me:
I sought my Brother out, and
found all three."
Ernest Crosby.

Thinking perhaps it would work equally well with sisters as with brothers, the Professional and Business Women are planning several events for the summer in order that their friendships and sisterliness may not suffer from lack of cultivation; for summer is the time to keep the weeds out of the garden.

Miss Dorothy Young, who won second place in our radio contest, has invited the club membership to her home in Evanston for a lawn party on Monday, July first. You will hear more of this in another number.

Miss Mary Hibbard, Vice-President of the Club, has charge of summer events, with the Misses Edith Sley, Alma Otto, Dorothy Young and Mrs. Mae Hutton as able committee members, and it is suggested that any ladies interested, whether members or not, might get in touch with Miss Hibbard, Rogers Park 1861, as to forthcoming affairs.

There are many matters of great interest for us to talk about: Red Cross— the Church Bazaar— how to improve our Liberalist— oh! there is a great crop to be garnered, and no time to lose in the ploughing, if we want a good harvest—and we do!

BAZAAR!!!

"Now is the time for all good people to come to the aid of their church BAZAAR!" Remember? The women of the church are laying plans and many are at work. Almost before we have had time to swim, to row, to ride and to get thoroughly tanned, the Church Bazaar will be right in front of us.

To all the friends and members of the Peoples Church, including the radio listeners far and wide, won't you keep this well in mind through the summer months? Perhaps when on a trip somewhere and you are visiting a quaint shop and seeing many pretty things and wondering which one of your friends might appreciate this little gift or that, won't you remember your friend the Peoples Church, and bring a gift for the Bazaar?

The industrious ladies who watch the family budget and like home made jellies, jams and pickles best, might set aside some on a special shelf for the Bazaar.

Then there is the ever handy "pick-up work" of those who do beautiful or practical work with the needle.

How about some Bazaar Parties this summer? It's much more fun to work together and make a party out of it—all for the Church Bazaar. Then too, ideas expand and grow when they are shared. One idea suggests another, and the longer we think and pray and work over them the more beautiful and expansive they become.

So, let's all start together, now, thinking — planning — accomplishing — for OUR CHURCH BAZAAR!!!

Peoples Church on the Air Continuously Throughout the Summer

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Innumerable blessings have come to the church throughout this past year, its 28th year of existence. And now, through Radio Station WJJD comes one more blessing, and this one of great and far-reaching results, for to the many shut-ins numbered among the radio and church congregation and to all his listeners who may be in the city, it will be a great boon to be able to hear Dr. Bradley's voice throughout the summer months.

Beginning with June 16th, the first Sunday morning after the church closes for the summer, and continuing regularly every Sunday up until the church opens its doors again on the third Sunday in September, September 15th, Dr. Bradley's voice will be heard regularly over station WJJD, at 11:00 o'clock. This will be a fifteen minute broadcast (by electrical transcription), including an opening and closing number by the church choir.

Those who attended the last service of the church on June 9th, were present while the numbers by the choir were being recorded at the studio, and can thus visualize, while listening to these summer broadcasts, that June morning service.

This is a beautiful and generous courtesy on WJJD's part which is deeply appreciated by Dr. Bradley's great audience, we know. Dr. Bradley gladly gave of his time and effort to make these broadcasts during the last busy days before leaving for his well-earned and much-needed vacation.

A hearty handshake of grateful appreciation to WJJD and a big "God bless you and keep you" to Dr. Bradley and those of his household. E. E. S.

• • •

The Following Persons Were Publicly Received Into the Membership of The Peoples Church on Sunday, June 9th

•

Mr. and Mrs. John R. Anderson,
1723 Albion Ave.
Mr. and Mrs. Stanley R. Anderson,
1723 Albion Ave.
Mrs. Louise R. Appel,
910 Lawrence Ave. (from Epworth Methodist Church)
Mrs. Frank Barski,
612 E. St. La Porte, Ind.
Miss Violet Barnell,
3618 N. Hermitage Ave.
Mrs. Nell Baylor,
825 Eastwood Ave.
Mrs. Helen Bishop,
431 Ridge Ave., Evanston, Ill.
Mrs. Wm. G. Brown,
208 Grand Blvd., Park Ridge, Ill.
Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Costley,
3006 Elm Lane, Racine, Wis.
Miss Esther Darlington,
722 N. Cicero Ave.
Mr. V. G. Elya,
3509 Reta St.
Mrs. Hulda Fischer,
5716 Eastwood Ave.
Mr. Joseph Frank Foster,
5613 S. Lafayette Ave.
Miss Lily Goranson,
10137 Yale Ave.
Mrs. Aubrey Granzin,
4333 N. Sawyer Ave.
Miss Agnes F. Grimes,
5017 Agatite Ave.
Mrs. Clara Hasse,
4746 Kenmore Ave.
Mrs. Ella Herrin,
3501 Greenview Ave. (from First Baptist Church, Marion, Ill.)
Mrs. Ida M. Keene,
908 Wilson Ave.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Lambach,
2233 Winnemac Ave.
Miss Lillie Matsiselts,
4228 N. Francisco Ave.
Mr. Leslie Merrill,
225 W. Willow Ave., Wheaton, Ill.
Miss Mabel Mintonye,
845 Lakeside Pl.
Miss Mary Mintonye,
845 Lakeside Pl.
Mrs. Mitzie Musso,
4846 N. Hermitage Ave.
Mrs. Stella Neal,
4746 Kenmore Ave.
Mr. and Mrs. J. Robert Norie,
4257 Broadway
Mr. and Mrs. J. Sayadoff,
931 Gunnison St.
Mr. and Mrs. G. Schwarting,
633 Carpenter Ave., Oak Park, Ill.
Miss Dorothy F. Warne,
4744 N. Winthrop Ave.
Mrs. Chaucer Westbrook,
755 Northmoor Road, Lake Forest, Ill. (from Lake Forest Methodist Church)
Mrs. James Woods,
924 Lawrence Ave.

• • •

Dr. Bradley Kept the Following Engagements During the Month Ending June 15th, 1940:

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(Dr. Bradley's engagements, including funerals and weddings, are listed from the 15th to the 15th of each month.)

MAY

16—Address. National Electric Credit Assn. Convention. Palmer House.
Attendance and invocation. State Convention I. F. W. C. Sherman Hotel.
Attendance. Oratorical Contest. Meadville Theological School.
Radio Address. WMAQ.
Attendance. Anniversary Celebration Svithoid Singing Club.

17—Address. Annual Fathers' and Son's Dinner. Peoples Church.

19—Service. Peoples Church.
Address. Columbia Post Monument. Forest Home Cemetery.
Address. Temple Emanuel. Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

20—Address. Morgan Park Home for Crippled Children. Englewood Masonic Temple.

21—Address. Andoka Philanthropic Club.
Radio Address. WMAQ.

22—Address. Masaryk Memorial Center. Olympic Bldg.
Radio Address. WMAQ.

23—Radio Address. WMAQ.

24—Address. Calumet Goodwill Industries. Masonic Temple, Hammond, Ind.

25—Meeting. Saturday Evening Club.
Address. Recreation Congress. Chicago Park System. Webster Hotel.

26—Service. Peoples Church.
Address. Chicago Typographical Union No. 16. Grand Opera House. Other Speakers: Judge Sonsteby and Prof. Paul Douglas.

27—Address. Commencement. Franklin Grove, Ill. Community High School.

28—Address. Englewood Kiwanis Club Y.M.C.A.
Radio Address. WMAQ.

29—Address. Washington Park High School. Racine, Wisconsin.
Address. Wm. Horlick High School. Racine, Wis.
Address. Kiwanis and Rotary Clubs. Racine, Wis. Broadcast over WJRN on Wisconsin Broadcasting System.
Radio Address. WMAQ.

30—Radio Address. WJJD "Off the Bookshelf" Program.
Radio Address. WMAQ.
31—Address. Commencement. Hurley Hospital School of Nurses. First Presbyterian Church, Flint, Michigan.

JUNE

2—Service. Peoples Church.
3—Address. Commencement. Milford High School. Milford, Illinois.
4—Board Meeting. Peoples Church.
Radio Address. WMAQ.
5—Address. Assembly. Northern State Teachers College. DeKalb, Ill.
Radio Address. WMAQ.
6—Address. Commencement. Western State Teachers College. Macomb, Ill.
Address. Alumni Luncheon. Western State Teachers College. Macomb, Ill.
Radio Address. WMAQ.
7—Address. Commencement. Decatur High School. Decatur, Michigan.
9—Service. Peoples Church.
Address. Danish Constitution Day. Consul General, Dr. Bauman and 10,000 present.
10—Address. Commencement. State Teachers College. Plattsville, Wis.
11—Address. Lakeview Community Council. Hawthorne School.
Radio Address—WMAQ.
12—Attendance WJJD. Making Radio transcriptions for summer broadcasts.
Radio Address. WMAQ.
13—Address. Kiwanis Club. Sherman Hotel.
Radio Address. WMAQ.

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Christenings in the Peoples Church, June 9th

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Victor Burrell DeWindt, son of Mr. and Mrs. Paul DeWindt.

Ralph Walter Quackenbush, son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Quackenbush.

Joel Lindsay Sundholm, son of Mr. and Mrs. Francis Joel Sundholm.

Arlene Rae Johnson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Johnson.

William Stewart Jessop, son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert A. Jessop.

Suzanne Bowles, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Bowles.

Chester Preston Gut, son of Mr. and Mrs. Chester Gut.

Carol Anne Burns, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Burns.

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Weddings

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MAY

18—Donald Ferry and Margaret Dittberner.
George A. Heidenreich and Eva Ahnell.
22—George E. Hargrave and Hazel Herron
25—William A. Schaeffer and Thelma Bennett.
Ray Stapel and Alma Christensen.
29—Bruce Laren and Shirley A. Schwartz.
Raymond Wilberg and Alice Thompson.

JUNE

1—Gerald J. Phillips and Josephine Guy.
John J. Hodgson and Evelyn Nesmith.
William V. Griffiths and Violet E. Hahn.
8—Albert E. Comens and Teresa Gordon.
Orville Behrel and May Schergrun.
Leon Bourdeau and Anna Louise Reeder.
William A. Rowell and Veronica C. Molnar.
12—Charles V. Winter and Lacey N. Winn.
15—Eugene Groom and Delia Cesario (Ceremony by Rev. Benjamin Will).
George Rasmussen, Jr., and Janet Watt (Miami, Fla.)

Funerals

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MAY

17—Mrs. Margaret Wagner. Interment, Rosehill.

18—Walter L. Benson. Interment, Rosehill.

Vincent McCormick. Interment, New York.

22—James B. Stewart. Interment, Acacia.

23—Millard Price. Interment, Acacia.

25—Mr. Guy Elya. Interment, Irving Park.

30—Irene Crandall. Interment, Forest Home.

JUNE

3—Mr. H. I. Huckins. Interment, Acacia.

4—Mrs. Anna Astenius. Interment, Mt. Emblem.

7—Mr. Sol H. Goldberg. Inment, Rosehill.

8—Mr. Daniel O'Connell. Interment, Memorial Park.

Mr. Leo J. Lunn. Interment, Elmwood Park.

11—Mr. Carl Hodge. Interment, Acacia.

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"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

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